1st

To His GRACE

The Duke of ORMOND:

Upon His Second Acceſſion to the

GOVERNMENT of IRELAND.

14. June 1711.

Multos alterna reviſens
Luſus, & in ſolido rurſus Fortuna locavit. Virg.

WHat means this mingled Pomp on Sea and Land?
Why do the thronging Chariots croud the Strand?
A Ruler Comes, who Governing Obeys;
With *ANNA*'s Power *Hibernia*'s Scepter ſways:
A Viceroy, who the Great Commiſſion brings,
And ſtands the Second to the Rank of Kings.

But why with this UNCOMMON Air and Grace,
Lightens ſuch Gladneſs in the *Soldier*'s Face?
Why leap the neighing Steeds, and bound ſo high?
While the ſhrill Trumpets Clangor rends the Sky,
And with UNUSUAL Pride the waving Banners fly?
Why do's th' Artillery, in its Triple Round,
With MORE TRIUMPHANT Thunder ſhake the Ground,
And Roar with ſuch SINCERITY of Sound?
A *Martial* Prince arrives, whom Honour charms;
Cover'd with Laurel, and Renown'd in Arms.
Who, rich with Nobleſt Blood that rolls from far,
And always laviſh of that Blood in War;
By his own Deathleſs Acts the Fame maintains
Of Kings and Heroes, blended in his Veins.

Virtue, long Injur'd, and Oppreſs'd, revives;
A Viceroy *Good*, as well as *Great*, arrives:
A Perfect Hero; Poliſh'd, and Refin'd
With all the Gifts of Body, and of Mind.
A Ruler ſlow to Puniſh, ſwift to Save,
Juſt, Noble, Gen'rous, Merciful, and Brave;
In Arts of War and Peace compleatly ſkill'd,
And finiſh'd for the Council, or the Field.
In whom with ſecret Pleaſure We admire
To ſee ſuch Sweetneſs with ſuch Strength conſpire,
And awful Majeſty with ſprightly Fire.
Who ev'n in Fight with dreadful Beauty glows,
Shining in Armour, darting on his Foes;
And Storming, where the thickeſt Troops engage,
With lovely Horror, and becoming Rage.

O! were my Verſe, like Him, ſerene and ſtrong;
Did *Virgil*'s Spirit animate my Song;
Like *Venus*'s Son this Figure ſhould be ſeen,
In dauntleſs Courage, and in graceful Mien.
Not more conſummate did That Hero ſhine,
With all His *Air*, and *Pauſply* Divine;
Nor round His Perſon was more Luſtre ſpread,
When *Dido* Languiſh'd, or when *Turnus* fled.

What greater Bleſſing cou'd be giv'n by Fate?
ORMOND reſtimes the *Faſces* of the State.
Reſtor'd to Rule, no Introducer needs,
But, like returning Light, HIMSELF Succeeds.
Tho' His Immortal, Great Forefathers, bore
This Dignity which He ſuſtain'd before;

Tho' other Princes in long Order ſtand,
His Predeceſſors in This High Command;
Th' Illuſtrious Liſt of All who Thither roſe
HIMSELF His greateſt Predeceſſor ſhows.

Amidſt this gen'ral Joy, at His Return,
Driv'n from Their Poſts, the *Sons of Faction* mourn.
Thus Elves, and Birds ill-omen'd, in the Night
Licentious range; but ſoon as chearful Light
Has chas'd th' unwholſome Damps and Shades away,
Owls, Bats, and Goblins fly th' o'erpow'ring Ray,
Unwillingly retire, and murm'ring leave the Day.

Thus I, Brave Prince, by Fortune hither toſs'd,
Attempt This Subject on *Hibernia*'s Coaſt;
I, who ſo oft on *Iſis Banks* have ſtrung
My Lyre for ORMOND, and would fain have Sung:
Where to Thy Fame are heard immortal Lays,
And all *Apollo* labours in Thy Praiſe.
I, the leaſt Worthy of *That* tuneful Train,
Tho' now Advent'rous in this *Daring* Strain,
Honour'd by *Their Commiſſion*, Thus appear;
With Their Applauſes to attend Thee Here.
They, while Their ORMOND's Merits I rehearſe,
Will own the Gratitude, tho' not the Verſe.

While in delightful *Oxford* We reſide,
Govern'd by ORMOND we obey with Pride;
Arriving Here, our ORMOND Here we find,
And meet th' Authority We left behind.
Apollo Thus, Thus *Beauiful* and *Great*,
O'er various Realms preſiding, chang'd His Seat;
Now *Lycia* with the Preſence of the God
Was Bleſs'd; now *Tenedos* His lov'd Abode:
Now to His *Native Delos* He reſtor'd
The Pomp of Joy: Still Honour'd, and Ador'd;
Still *Ruler of the Muſes*, ſtill admir'd,
And Sung by Thoſe whom He Himſelf inſpir'd.

Where'er

Where'er We go, ſtill bearing ORMOND's Name
If not Thy *Government*, We meet Thy *Fame*:
That to avoid, the World We muſt forſake:
Nay ev'n beyond th' irreneable Lake
Thy Glory lives: If *Thither* We repair,
Ev'n if We leave *This* World, We find it *There*.
There by Great *William* lifning Kings are taught
In *Flandrian* Fields how bravely ORMOND fought:
How ſtill like *William's* ſelf Great ORMOND dar'd;
That Blood expoſing, which with Him He ſhar'd.
There at the Sound of *Vigo's* Battle won
The flitting Shades of *Gallick* Squadrons run:
Expreſs their ſudden Fear with Airy Skreams,
Like Men purſu'd and frighted in their Dreams;
Stop'd in their Throats th' abortive Clamour dies,
In ſlender Accents, and unfiniſh'd Cries.

At Thy Return, True Merit, long diſgrac'd,
Shines Beauteous, in its proper Sphere replac'd.
Impartial Reaſon Lawleſs Rage controuls,
And Juſtice in its Channel ſmoothly rolls.

So when *Sol's* fooliſh Boy had fir'd the World;
And from th' unguided Chariot headlong hurl'd,
Had ſtop'd the mighty Ruin by his Fall:
Jove walk'd around t' Explore the ſhatter'd Ball;
To Reſtify, Reſettle, and Repair,
Diſpers'd the Clouds of Smoke that fill'd the Air:
Reſtor'd the *Stars* above, the *Woods* below,
And taught the leſſen'd *Rivers* how to flow.

Yet *fawning Sycophants* will ſtill reſort,
To pay their *falſe Devoirs*, and *croud the Court*:
Thy Favours *impudently* hope to ſhare,
And whom They *always curs'd* would *Twice enſnare*.
How will the *baffled Hypocrites* be griev'd,
To find their Frauds will not be *Twice* believ'd!
That *our loy'd Heroe* will confide in None,
But Thoſe who *ſtedfaſt Vertue* ſtill have ſhown,
And *true*, *untainted Honour*, like *His Own*.
Who long *with Grief* have ſeen ſuch Worth *betray'd*,
And *Goodneſs* with *Ingratitude* repaid.
The *Beſt* of Men diſhonour'd by the *Worſt*,
And Stung by *Vipers* which *himſelf had Nurs'd*.

While Govern'd thus, We ſee *Hibernia* Smile,
And only yield to Great *Britannia's* Iſle;
The Muſes grateful Sons from Envious Time
Preſerve thy Glories in Recording Rhime:
Nor Thou with Scorn their Humble Aid Diſclaim;
By Thee *Supported*, They *improve* Thy Fame.

So the Soft Vine dependant, as it grows,
Round the tall Elm its twining Ringlets throws:
Which, tho' with Native Majeſty it ſtands,
Tow'ring, and Great, and all the Grove commands;
Some Ornament from That weak Plant receives,
From its thick Cluſters, and its mingled Leaves:
O'er all the Trees more uncontended reigns,
Grac'd by thoſe Tendrils which it felf ſuſtains.

FINIS.

LONDON: Printed for *John Morphew*, near *Stationers-hall.* 1711. (Price One Peny.)